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God hidden in People



spiritual_adventure

wisdom

84 5 6

Chapter 1 by ԹՄԵՄԱՌԱԴՈՒԺ

A business man was desperate in search of god.....

Chapter 2 by Kirsten Clubb



He was having trouble locating him when all he really needed was to just pray and accept him into his heart, but he didn't know how to begin.

Chapter 3 by Madison Julian



He had heard so many different things from his childhood, ways to God and to Heaven. *"Good works son, that's what gets you to Him."* *"Helping the homeless."* *"Everyone goes to Heaven."*

He had heard it all, but the one that stuck out to him was the easiest, yet hardest. *"You just have to accept him into you're heart, James,"* his wife of 4 years now had told him. *"It's that simple."* But how did he begin?

Chapter 4 by Windlin



"If you wish to be complete, go and give to the poor, and you will have treasure in heaven; and do not be afraid."

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Selling was easy enough. He sat down with his family, explained his purpose, and divided their wealth into six equal parts. One was for his wife, his continued support for the low pay community legal aid work she did. One each for his children, to be fully theirs on their 30th birthday. One for his mission.

A month later, he finished saying goodbye to them all, shouldered his pack and walked down to the bus station. Approaching the station, he greeted a woman picking her way through the trash.

"Hey, anything good?"

"Go away!" she snarled.

He nodded. "Okay. I'll bring you back an egg biscuit."

In a few minutes, he returned and handed her a paper bag, biscuit inside. "Hey. Have a good morning!"

She stared at the bag, snarled and swatted it aside.

He nodded, shrugged. "Okay. Have a good morning, anyhow." He walked away.

When he looked back, she was kneeling to pick up the scattered food from the sidewalk.

Chapter 5 by ԹՄԵՄԱՌԱՂՈՎ



This filled his heart with earnest pain. How could he have had enjoyed such a luxurious life when people had to scrape trash for a biscuit?

He could well understand the woman's former attitude. No lady wants people to see her destitute. Her haughtiness was her self-respect, and she wore it like pride.

He soon realized that he was not oblivious to such palpable intuitions; he was evidently

ignorant. A little realization had brought him back to earth, and his now not-so-smug smile flashed brilliantly on his radiant face. "I'll bring you back an egg biscuit," he said softly.

Bless you!

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